THE SCALLOP IN THE SKY.

When dark had settled on my world and all was hushed and still
(Except some distant dog that bayed, the raucous whip-poor-will,
The flapping poultry seeking place upon the roosting pole,
A cricket shrilling through the murk from some sequestered hole;)
When all but these were silent, making silence deeper seem;
When chores were done and coal-oil lamps set all the house agleam,
I used to steal away from all and gaze with hungry eye
Upon one bright horizon spot, a scallop in the sky.

'Twas where the lights that lit the town a few short miles away
Flared up against the edge of night and turned its gloom to gray;
And I, ambitious, filled with hope as vague as love or life,
Gazed, dreaming, at that glimmer with its hint of glorious strife;
It told me wondrous tales of wealth, but most it spoke of fame—
That peace-destroying thing that sets the boyish heart aflame;
It sang sweet songs of conquest, t old me many a sweet half-lie—
That gateway to my wonder-world, my scallop in the sky.

The time I dared not hope for came; I stand without that gate
Which tempted me to wander forth and grapple with my fate;
I've seen the great, big wonder-world to which ambition led—
I've found love, wealth and conquest, but the glamour all has fled.
Though life be sweet, the roseate hue my boyish fancy gave
Has vanished, and the boon that most we weary worldlings crave
Is that blest time of boyhood when each wide, hope-dazzled eye
Saw but the sweet that lay beyond the scallop in the sky.

—S. W. Gillilan, in Leslie's Weekly.

Le MEDAILLE De SAUVETAGE.

By ALFRED GOTHARD MARTIN.

HE was a stocky, nervous little chap, with merry gray eyes, which had the beginning of "crow's feet" in each corner from laughter. He had a smooth, aristocratic face with a bit too much jaw, which, however, to some would add a charm as indicating grit and tenacity. He was a nonchalant fellow, who just escaped being fresh by a narrow margin. I formed the opinion that the verdancy had been knocked out of him by bitter experience, for while he was bright and breezy to a degree, he never seemed to overreach.

I met him in the smoking room of the Umbria with a number of his college mates on the morning of the "Glorious Fourth," as he was tying a bit of red, white and blue ribbon through his buttonhole in honor of the day, and from then till the end of our voyage I had many pleasant chats with Harry Beaton. The boys called him Shorty, not because of his size. I learned, but because he had played short stop on his college team.

We chatted the morning through, I telling some yarns about navy experiences, and how I had happened to be appointed attache at Paris, and Beaton of how he missed Annapolis because of his "rotten" mathematics, thereby compelling him to enter a university. I am convinced that in this case the navy was a loser, for he surely had the timber of which sea fighters are made.

We parted company in Liverpool after agreeing to meet in Paris, and while the jolly party of light-hearted, strapping fellows took train direct for London, I crossed to Birkenhead and was soon speeding off to the Shakespeare country, where I intended to put in a week before reporting at my post in Paris.

I had been in the French capital about ten days, and was beginning to acquire the Frenchman's easy deliberation, when one fine afternoon, while loitering about the Rue de Rivoli, I stopped at the insection of the Boulevard de Sebastopol to watch the workmen digging the trench for the Metropolitaine, the new underground road, which follows the Rue de Rivoli its entire length. I was comparing their methods and workmen with our own, when a cheery voice hailed me from the other side of the trench.

"Hello, lieutenant, are you looking for work?"

And there was Beaton, balancing himself on a shoring beam and making his way slowly, at the imminent peril of breaking his neck and to the accompaniment of a choice line of French oaths from the foreman, not a word of which he understood or minded in the least.

"Well," I said, "I am happy to see a familiar face. How are you and all the bully boys; and when did you arrive?" I fired away, still clinging to his fist, for be it known that Lieutenant Crosby, U. S. N., had been rather homesick among his new surroundings.

Shorty began in his breezy way and soon brought his story from our parting in Liverpool up to his arrival in Paris two days before.

"And the funniest thing about the gay metropolis," he rattled on, "is the uniform courtesy we meet with everywhere. They all seem particularly anxious to please me, although my tips are no larger than those of the other chaps. I have concluded that this is what commands so much respect," tapping his buttonhole, where he still kept the small strip of red, white and blue ribbon. "You see, since our little argument with Spain, some of these foreigners have been convinced that we are not all saveges running about in a breech clout and a pair of earrings, and are inclined to cultivate our friendship. I even caught a pretty chambermaid making eyes at the ribbon, mind you, the ribbon"—— and so he babbled on, not noticing a dapper man with a fierce mustache, who had been edging toward us, until the dapper one touched him on the shoulder.

"Pardon! Ze Prefect would interview monsieur at ze prefecture. Will monsieur accompany me?"

"The deuce he would!" cried Beaton. "And who are you my friend?"

The Frenchman, drawing back his coat, pointed to a small gold star.

"Ze messengaire from ze Prefect, monsieur."

Seeing that the man was a detective, I inquired in French why my friend was wanted. He answered with a shrug of the shoulders and an outspreading of the palms that that was the business of the Prefect—his duty was to have monsieur accompany him.

"Well, Beaton," I said, "there is nothing to do but to comply with a polite request in a polite manner. Evidently there is a mistake, or else that swearing foreman has complained of your doing a tightrope stunt across the ditch, I'll go along and see you through."

So we started along the Boulevard du Palais, across the Pont St. Michel, and were soon at the prefecture, which occupies the old municipal barracks, and were ushered immediately into the presence of the Prefect, a smooth-faced, wiry man with gray, hawk-like eyes that seemed to read one's mind at a glance. I could see that Beaton, thought not one whit abashed, felt those eyes.

"Good-day, Monsieur Beaton. Monsieur wonders that I should wish to see him," said the Prefect.

"Yes, chief, you have the best of me," returned Beaton, coolly.

"I wish to inquire whether monsieur has the right to wear this?" indicating Beaton's strip of red, white and blue.

"Of course I have a right to wear that ribbon," bustled Beaton. "I'm an American, and that's my flag."

"Oui, monsieur is an American, but this is not an American flag. Where are the stars?"

"Oh, the stars! Well, you see this is just the colors you know, just the plain red, white and blue."

"Oui, monsieur; just the red, white and blue, the tri-color of France, and worn in this way Le Medaille de Sauvetage, awarded by the Government only to those who have rescued human lives. Monsieur is guilty of a misdemeanor and it is my painful duty to place monsieur under arrest."

Matters beginning to look bad for Beaton, I interposed and in French explained that my friend had just arrived in Paris, that he was innocent of intentional wrong, that I was connected with the American Embassy and would stand surety, and finally that I would have the private Secretary of the American Ambassador vouch for Mr. Beaton's innocence.

This latter seemed to have effect, for the officer who made the arrest was instructed to call up the Embassy. I went to the telephone and explained the situation to Ross, the Secretary, requesting him if necessary to place the facts before the Ambassador, enlisting his influence to release my friend from his annoying position.

The Prefect had lost some of his savoir faire before I had finished and after a most courteous exchange of diplomatic soft soap with Ross over the telephone, the Prefect agreed to parole Beaton.

Shorty was very loath to untie his ribbon, but I convinced him that there was nothing disloyal in furling the colors, because, as the Prefect had explained, it was not the American flag he was wearing. But we were well on the way to his hotel before he had finished roasting the French police for being a pack of polite idiotic asses.

We had turned into the Rue de Rivoli, and were nearing the Rue du Pont Neuf, where there was a clear space extending between the excavation where I had been standing when greeted by Beaton and another opening several blocks farther on, when the ground under our feet was shaken as by an earthquake, and looking in the direction of the Louvre we saw a solid stream of water shoot into the air and then, settling into a great muddy stream, come plunging toward us, increasing in speed as it tore down a slight incline.

Vehicles and pedestrians went dashing and scrambling out of the way of the oncoming flood, and to the rush of the water was added the excited shouts of the frightened people. Quick as thought Beaton grabbed me by the arm, crying:

"The men in the trench! How do you say 'Danger! Save yourselves?'"

"Sauves vous!" said I, and he was off like a flash, running like a deer toward the opening at the Boulevard de Sebastipol, while I trailed on in his wake.

Reaching the trench, which was deep at this point, he yelled like an Indian:

"Sauves vous! Sauves vous!" waving his hat and in such earnestness in his manner that by the time I reached the hole the workmen were scrambling out and running for places of safety. Beaton was not a second too soon, for before the last man got out the yellow flood was upon us, and it plunged into the trench a perfect cataract. It took all our strength as we gripped a nearby lamp-post to keep from being swept into the excavation.

After the first rush the water, which had been waist deep, began to subside, carried off into the immense and perfect system of sewers of which Paris is justly proud; but it was days before the trench was entirely clear. The jabbering French workmen had returned and were pouring out their gratitude to the modest little Beaton with tears in their eyes, while several wildly excited fellows insisted on kissing their rescuer, and it was all we could do to keep them off. We were a pretty pair in our wet and muddy garments.

By this time the police had arrived, headed by our friend the detective, who approached Beaton in a most humble manner, and lifting his cap, said.

"I have ze honor to request monsieur to come with me to ze Prefecture."

"What! again?" said Beaton. "Now look here, Mr. Sleuth, I didn't do this and am not responsible, and I simply can't go—look at my condition!"

But we did go—this time in a cab, the Jehu swearing that his carriage would be ruined by our wet and muddy apparel.

We were met at the entrance by the Chief in person and conducted into his private apartments.

"Ah, monsieur, I welcome you. Monsieur must allow me to send for his clean garments and permit me to show him the bath. The correspondents would like to interview my friend Monsieur Beaton. Would monsieur permit?"

Monsieur did not wish to be interviewed, but the Prefect insisted that the newspapers had certain rights that monsieur should respect, and as a favor to himself would monsieur be so kind as to mention his friend the Prefect.

Well, we had the interview, I doing the talking in French, and Beaton looking miserably uncomfortable.

We learned that the blasting of a rock had broken a large water main, which accounted for the geyser, and that but for the quick wit and nimble legs of my friend a number of workmen would undoubtedly have been drowned. Of course the papers gave a glowing account of Monsieur Beaton's brave deed, with a history of his life and a caricature of a photograph, with the surprising statement that monsieur was a descendant of an old Huguenot family, the original name being Beton.

The next morning when I called at Beaton's hotel to learn whether his experience had caused any serious results, I found him in a wild state of excitement over an official note from His Excellency, the President of France, requesting his presence at the Palais de l'Elysee.

"Well, I remarked, "for one small American you certainly are in demand, with three polite requests in twenty-four hours.'

"Of course, lieutenant, I ought to go, but what a fuss they make here over nothing. You must go, too, or I don't budge a step, for you were in this thing as deeply as I."

When we left the Palais after our interview with the President, Shorty Beaton wore a little tri-color ribbon on the lapel of his coat and had no fear of a summons to wait upon the Prefect of Police.—Waverley Magazine.

The Man and the Box.

Here is a box. In itself it is not remarkable. But a man is packing it.

When man, unmarried man, packs a box, women weep.

See the man! He is not calm. His hair resembles a storm-swept wheatfield. He wears no coat, and his collar has playfully broken away from his shirt-stud. Upon his perspiring face is the look Napoleon used to habitually wear when he called upon his neighbors. The man has observed his sister pack boxes.

Everything fitted in so nicely that the microbes cried out that they were being suffocated, but he cannot make out how she did it.

He thrusts his hands into his pockets and makes a few remarks. But they are for the box and not for publication.

At last all is over but the closing exercise, and the man mounts on to the lid. He leaps upon it with both feet, and pounds and jams it. But between the hasp and the slot there is a great gulf fixed, measuring one-sixteenth of an inch.

At last! A click! The man steps majestically from off the lid with the flush of victory upon him, and notices two tennis-shirts and a pair of socks under the bed.

A Sure Remedy.

Do unto others as they do unto you might well be the heading of this true tale. Two men and a dog are the characters therein. Man number one, being unable to sleep for three entire nights owing to the constant barking of the dog aforesaid, got up and arrayed himself at 4 in the morning and hied him to his neighbor's front door. There he kept his thumb on the electric bell until the dismayed servant appeared.

"I wish to see Mr. W."

"Why, sure he's in bed at this hour, sir."

"I'm sorry, but I must see him now."

"He ain't going ter get up at this time ter see nobody."

"Well, I intend to stay here and ring this bell until he does see me, and you can go and tell him that."

After an ominous interval Mr. W. descended, almost speechless with wrath.

"What do you mean by disturbing me in this manner? It's the most outrageous——"

"Yes, that's what I think, and I simply called to warn you that as long as your dog keeps me awake every night I shall come and ring this bell, for if I can't sleep you certainly shall not. Good morning."—Public Ledger.

Best Things Grow Furthest North.

The interesting fact has lately come to the attention of the Government scientists that the frog (the edible variety) attains its greatest and best development, not, as one would imagine, in the semi-tropical swamps of Florida and Louisiana, but in far Northern Canada, on the extreme northern limit at which these reptiles are found. This bears out an old and pretty safe rule that both plants and animals attain their best development at the northernmost point of their habitat. Thus the diamond-back terrapin of the Chesapeake brings nearly eight times the price of the diamond-back of Louisiana, and the best oranges are grown, not in tropical Cuba (people of the older generation still remember the coarse-grained, sourish Havana oranges), but in Northern Florida, where the trees are frequently cut down by the hard frosts and cold weather.—Washington Post.

Jewish Coats of Arms.

Some very curious facts about Jewish heraldry are given in the new volume of the Jewish Encyclopedia. As Jews have no recognized position in the feudal system they did not, of course, use arms. As a matter of fact, the first accorded Jewish coat of arms was granted by the Emperor of Germany, in 1622. Few people know that the triple-turreted castle of Castile adopted by Lord Beaconsfield was borrowed from the seal of the family Halevi of Toledo. Some Jews, among them the Sassoons and the Montefiores, use Hebraic mottoes.—London Tatler.

INDIANA'S OLDEST LANDMARK.

The Old Capitol of the Northwest Territory is Still Standing.

Within a short time the most historic building in Vincennes will be torn down to make room for a modern home, unless some action is taken toward buying it as a relic, or as an ornament for a city park. The building is one which for about seven years served as the capitol building for the Northwest Territory. It stands near the heart of the city, but did not originally stand there. The building was erected, so far as can be learned, in 1805, and consisted of two rooms upstairs and two down. No nails were used in its construction, it being put together by wooden pegs. Since that time improvements have been made on it which have changed its appearance, but it is still the old capitol building in the eyes of the Vincennes people, and efforts are making to interest the city or State to buy it and transform it into a museum, placing it in one of the parks.

The building is now used as a residence, and unless it gets some attention it will soon begin to decay. It is owned by Thomas Kilfoil. It could be bought, it is believed, for about $300. For many years it stood in the principal street in the city and has been used as a business house, as well as a home for numerous families. Much history was made in the old building while it was the meeting place of the Legislature of Indiana Territory, which was formed from a part of the Northwest Territory. Governor William Henry Harrison read his first message in the old building, and in the message he worked for the passage of a measure that would prevent the sale of intoxicants to the Indians. The measure it is said, was never passed.

At the session of the Legislature in this building in 1807 laws were made attaching the death penalty for crimes of treason, murder, arson and horse stealing. Burglary and robbery were made punishable by whipping, fine and imprisonment. Larceny was made punishable by fine or whipping; stealing by fine and whipping; bigamy by fine, whipping and disfranchisement. Stringent laws were also made for the punishment of children and servants who refused to obey their parents or masters. Between August 12 and 22, 1810, the Indian chief Tecumseh, with seventy-five warriors, appeared daily before Governor Harrison in the old building, and it was in that building that Tecumseh lost his temper and gave the lie to the Governor. A story of the affair used to be told by the late Felix Bouchie, whose father is said to have been present during the scene.—Indianapolis News.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There are no mechanical morals.

The fast man makes the poorest speed.

Submission is the secret of spiritual strength.

There are no necessary evils in a righteous world.

Temperament will be a poor excuse at the judgment.

A light familiarity is worse than a dead formality.

A life-line is better than a speaking-trumpet any day.

There is no virtue where there is no possibility of vice.

Complaisance with sin is not compassion for the sinner.

You can give men your love until you take off your glove.

Heart-searching is a good cure for the habit of censuring.

The things that give us greatest pain are the ones most highly prized.

Better the water without the well than the well without the water.—Ram's Horn.

The Holy Basil Mosquito Plant.

The discovery of a mosquito plant in Northern Nigeria brings out the fact that a similar plant is known in India, where it is used to keep mosquitoes at a distance. One or other of these basils is found growing everywhere in India, especially about temples, and most of them are grown in gardens; in farther India especially they are planted upon and about graves, and a decoction of the stalks and leaves is a universal remedy in cases of malarial fever. When the Victoria Gardens and Albert Museum were established in Bombay the men employed on these works were at first so pestered by mosquitoes and suffered so much from malarious fever that on the recommendation of the Hindu manager the whole boundary of the garden was planted with holy basil and any other basil at hand, on which the plague of mosquitoes was at once abated and fever altogether disappeared from among the resident gardeners and temporarily resident masons. The site of the gardens had before been one of the worst malaria-stricken spots on the island of Bombay. — New York Commercial Advertiser.

Americans in the Transvaal.

The number of Americans who may enter the Transvaal or Orange River Colony is limited to fifty a month, and each must have a permit, the blank application of which may be had of any British Consul. And, too, an affidavit must be made that the applicant has sufficient means to support himself and family after arriving. Consideration of such application is often delayed for weeks, and those who grow impatient and arrive in advance of their permit are generally given the option of leaving the next day or imprisonment for six months, with a fine of $2433.

Destructive Occupations.

General Horace Porter, in an address to the graduating class of a medical school, said: "I congratulate you on the wise course you have pursued in deciding to follow such a beneficent occupation. In youth I long debated whether I should be a physician or a soldier. Up to the present moment I have not been able to determine in which capacity my services would have been more destructive to mankind."

Provided With Natural Anchor.

A peculiar water animal is the synapta, which nature has provided with an anchor somewhat similar in shape to those used by ships. By means of this the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

DANGER IN GLASS LAMPS.

Fire Marshal Shaw of Massachusetts Thinks They Should be Prohibited.

By prohibiting the use of glass lamps and penalizing overinsurance on the part of unscrupulous property owners, Deputy Fire Marshal Joseph Shaw of the State police thinks that lives will be saved and many of the fires which occur will be prevented. He has made these recommendations in his annual report, just transmitted to the Legislature.

"Yes," said Mr. Shaw to a Globe reporter, "I think that glass lamps should be abolished. They cause a great many fires. Not only that, but lives are lost by their use. This year we have had three deaths which were caused by the use of glass lamps.

"A metal lamp is much safer. It never explodes. If it should be dropped it does not break. But a glass lamp almost invariably is shattered, and that means a scattering of oil and a good-sized fire at once. Oil when scattered blazes up instantly. If the persons present lose their presence of mind, which generally happens, a serious fire is likely to occur.

"When it is a woman who is carrying the lamp and she stumbles or accidentally drops it, her skirts are liable to be sprinkled with the oil and then take fire. By the time help reaches her she is perhaps fatally burned.

"With the metal lamp it is different. If it should fall it does not necessarily scatter oil about. It can be seized and removed to a place of safety before any great damage is done. Very little of the oil escapes. The fire, if any occurs, is confined to the mouth of the lamp. One has time to put the fire out before it gains any headway.

"It is particularly dangerous for a glass lamp to be used when the oil has burned low. Careless trimming of the wick is often responsible for the generation of gas of a very inflammable nature in the lamp above the oil. Ordinarily this could not occur in a lamp that was pretty well filled with oil.

"Then the gas does not have so much space in which to generate and take on a pressure. But in the half-filled lamp there is plenty of room, and, once filled with gas, it is liable to explode. So I think that the danger should be recognized. It is not as if the metal lamp cost much more than the glass lamp. Indeed, I think that the difference in cost is not a great deal."

In reference to the matter of overinsurance, Mr. Shaw said a great many agents were in the habit of taking risks without viewing the property insured. He thought, and he made it plain in his report, that any agent who willfully overinsured an applicant ought to be held liable for inexcusable carelessness.

There is no law, Mr. Shaw said, which prevents this overinsurance. Indeed, some agents, Mr. Shaw said are so anxious for business that they do not intend to be too particular in looking into their risks. If they should refuse to take a risk for that reason some one else could be found to do it. When a fire case is contested in the courts on account of alleged overinsurance the juries often argue that if the company was willing to accept the risk it has no ground for complaint. So the defendant wins.—Boston Globe.

E. Nesbit appears again in Ainslee's with a story in the August number even more interesting than "The Lie Absolute." It is entitled "The Force of Habit," and while it is, in fact, a psychological study, it is not in the least didactic; the picture is drawn delicately, and with the utmost skill, and with the same optimistic good nature that pervades "The Red House" and "The Lie Absolute," by the same author. In this case, we sympathize with the victim, but we can't help loving his tormentor all the more.

Reggie's Conclusion.

"Oh, mamma!" shouted little Reggie, as he ran to his mother in great glee, "what do you think: I was just over there where they're putting up the circus, and they're filling the ring all full of breakfast food."—August Smart Set.

John Oliver Hobbes, author of "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham," "School for Saints," etc., etc., has a story in Ainslee's for August, entitled "The Land of Regrets." It is in the form of a dialogue, bright and sparkling, but pervaded by that mysterious atmosphere of India that seems to draw out so much that is strange and contradictory in human nature. Not that it appears in this story, which is really a pretty love story, but it seems to be present as a sort of vague background.

The Common Fate.

Dan Cupid limped into his office,
All battered and bruised was his head;
A bandage and splints graced his person—
"I umpired a love-match," he said.
—August Smart Set.

Mary Proctor, who writes of "Five Hundred Little Worlds" in the August St. Nicholas, is a daughter of the great Proctor, the astronomer, and is living at present in New York city. She is a small woman, exceedingly quiet, almost shy in manner, but has proved a successful lecturer and writer in the field where her father won distinction.

She Owed Her One.

Miss Passee—I should like to see a young man try to kiss me.

Miss Young—You cruel thing!—August Smart Set.

Successful.

Her aim was never very good,
Yet well it played its part;
She threw herself at Cholly's head
And hit the fellow's heart.
—August Smart Set.

The good don't always die young. Sometimes they outgrow it.

The gift of gab has caused many a man to give himself away.

A search warrant isn't necessary in the quest of happiness.

Scarlet fever is unknown in the tropics.